

BABIES ARE FASHIONABLE.

THE SMART YOUNG WOMEN OF NEW YORK PROUD TO BE MOTHERS.

Edith Kingdon-Gould a Happy Mother—How Fashionable Babies Are Dressed—The Art of Keeping Young—New York Club Men Are Drinking Milk—The Woman with a Headache.

Special Correspondence of SUNDAY HERALD.
New York, Jan. 9.—A much-mooted question just now is, "Is it fashionable to be a mother?" and it may be most emphatically answered in the affirmative. The smartest of the young fashionable women in New York are never so proud as when they are accompanied in their drives by a handsome baby—prouder and happier if they happen to have twins; and the whole lot of them were as envious as they could be when one of their set presented on Christmas Day to her happy husband two of the sweetest girl babies you ever saw. And, what is more, these very fashionable babies are very simply dressed, but with every thought given to their comfort. Beautiful fine fabrics are used for their little frocks, but lace and embroidery are counted as undesirable, though no end of fine sewing by hand is permitted.

EDITH KINGDON A HAPPY MOTHER.
One of the happiest-looking mothers in New York is Mrs. George Gould, prettier now than she ever was; and with one of the handsomest three-year-old boys she looks as if she was so glad she was in the world and so glad she had her boy that it is an absolute delight to watch her face. At the doll carnival her doll—by the by, it took a prize—was dressed exactly as she does her little boy when he goes out to take the air. It wore long undressed kid leggings, warm flannel skirt, over it a skirt of lawn, a silk knitted shirt, and a little gown, beautifully but simply made, of linen lawn. Its coat was a white cloth one with a cape to it, and the hat a white silk shirred one that tied down over the little ears to keep them warm. The hands were covered with brown gloves, and a little ermine muff on a cord was swung about the neck so it couldn't be lost even if it wanted to. Its coat collar was fastened with a little bar pin on which was engraved, "Little Jay," so Jay, Jr., was duplicated in a doll.

MATERNITY NOT OUT OF FASHION.
Pretty Mrs. Burke-Roche is seldom seen in the daytime without her little group about her, the twin boys and the demure little maiden named Cynthia, while if you go a-visiting down where the hunting set mostly collect you will find that in each country house the nursery is full, and that the little people are thought of with great pride. It has only been among a vulgar, new rich set of people that it is hinted that maternity is out of fashion. That woman's life is never quite complete who is not a wife and a mother; and, my friend, when you hear some young woman laugh and say she wouldn't be bothered with a baby, don't you believe it. God hasn't seen fit to make her a mother, and the bravado with which she talks is as sorrowful as if she had put her grief into words. Every normal woman wants to be a mother, and when she doesn't there is something wrong about her, something wicked, and she can never be either a good friend or a good wife unless she has this desire. We may only have bread and cheese to offer, but you know if they are spiced with kisses they have a flavor that the finest sweets, the richest of game, and the most delicate fruits do not possess.

HOW WOMEN CAN KEEP YOUNG.
Have you had any instruction in the art of keeping yourself young forever? This is the method: It is strongly recommended that every woman who can will go to bed three days in the month, sleep as much as possible, and think and eat as little. If she can stand it, a glass of milk and vichy at morning and night will be quite enough for her. If she finds herself faint, an egg beaten up in the milk will soon straighten her up. There is no doubt about it that a little fasting is a good thing, and the woman who has the courage to do this will work better, live longer, and look better than the woman who hasn't the courage to seek the seclusion of her bed for three days. Rest, and enough of it, is what the American woman wants; no matter what she is doing her nerves are drawn like the strings of a fiddle, and they are bound to break either all at once or one at a time. She is inclined to eat a good bit of nonsense, and so her stomach demands its rest as well as her nerves, and it gets it if the three days are adhered to.

CLUBMEN ARE DRINKING MILK.
By the by, there has never been so much vogue given to milk as there is just now. In fact there are hundreds of clubmen who have never seen as much since they went from one bottle to another. You are asked to have a glass of hot milk, or a glass of milk and vichy, just as you are asked to have a cup of tea, or some *crème de menthe*. In a cut-glass goblet, standing on a bright-hued plate, the milk and vichy is particularly appetizing, and it is marvelous how much of it the men drink. Now, this isn't the result of preaching a temperance sermon. It is the result of offering a simple drink in an attractive manner. Service in this world means so much, and really it seems to be more appreciated by men than by women. A boiled potato and a piece of beefsteak on a hot plate, with a glittering silver fork and a bright steel knife, with the butter in a dainty little pat, and the bread in a smooth-cut piece, with the whitest of napery, is more appetizing than a dinner of twenty courses served in a careless fashion. When women learn that a man not only wants his stomach but his eyes catered to there will be fewer labor riots, fewer men to dine away from home, and fewer clubs that depend on married men for their support.

THE WOMAN WITH A HEADACHE.
I waded through one column of closely-printed matter headed, "Do you ever have a headache?" only to discover, when I reached the tail end of it, that it was an advertisement for a patent medicine; but it got me to thinking about headaches, their causes, and their effects. I have no sympathy with a headache that results from over-eating, and which appears in the morning at the breakfast-table with a wet bandage tied firmly around its forehead, a decidedly cross expression on its face, and which, by its peculiarities, causes the entire family to feel blue. That kind is best put out by beating with sticks and a double dose of charcoal; but there is another kind of head-

ache. It is the headache that comes when you have tried to do your best, when you have tried to be honorable and considerate of your neighbor, when you have taken of the good things that come unto you and given them to others gladly, and with a smiling face, and when all this is done and there is an unexpressed wonderment that you don't do more and give more.

HEADACHES WHICH KILL WOMEN.
This sort of headache comes, too, from being found fault with—a course of martyrdom calculated to make a liar, a thief, and a breaker of every commandment by the woman who has to endure it. To be told that you weren't cordial enough to Jones, that you were too cordial to Brown, and that there was no necessity for you to freeze Robinson—to be told that you haven't the first instinct of a housewife, else you would know that when a man put a paper away in his desk that he really ought to have taken down town, and of which you didn't remind him, for the simple reason that you didn't know anything at all about it; to be told that you are cross when you are so tired; that you are sulky when you don't want to say anything, and somebody belonging to you selects this special time to bring some one in who has been told that you are a very bright woman—this is the sort of headache, the headache provoked by all these little occurrences, that drive women either into the arms of the devil or into the insane asylum. I can't offer any patent medicine to cure it—I can only suggest that it is usually our own people, the people we love, and who think they love us, who give us such headaches, that they begin the new year by an inoculation of patience and consideration.

SOCIAL SETS OF NEW YORK.
Now is the time of year when you read about the swell set, the swagger set, and the literary set, and the people who don't know any of them sigh and wonder how to get into society. I do so wish that every woman in the world would understand that she makes a society for herself, and that it is good, bad, or indifferent as she chooses. She wonders which is the best set in New York. It is like the best set every place else. If it has riches it does not blazon them forth. If its blood is blue its reputation is white. Its daughters are not advertised in the daily papers as professional beauties, and its sons are not conspicuous among the horsey or fast set. It is charitable and kind. Its men are honest and its women are above reproach. The sets you read about are rich yesterday, making a great display to-day; its downfall is chronicled to-morrow, and the people who formed it are forgotten the day after. Its women rate everything from a money standpoint, and the ups and downs of the street mean the increase or decrease of their so-called friends.

NEW YORK'S LITERARY SET
has little to recommend it, except that the women in it pose as writers of renown, a name which they mistake for notoriety. They talk about subjects they do not understand in the least, and most of them are examples of how a well-advertised pill is swallowed without question as to what it contains. To get into any of the oft-quoted sets is not difficult. Good dressing, a little money, a skin somewhat thick, and a tongue somewhat acrid, with a good supply of scandalous stories, will gain admission for a woman, while, as for the man—well, usually, especially in the literary set, men are in such demand that they are taken no matter how or through whom they may come. You who are off in some far village and wish you could see all this gayety that you read about really can afford to laugh it to scorn, for a set does not make society. Society is the gathering together of two or three, five or six, or as many as you will, who find much in life about which they agree, and who like to come together to exchange a pleasant word, to have a pleasant hour, and to know that which is really and truly a pleasure. The other is the basest imitation—even the people in it know that the gingerbread is not improved by the gilt, or that it is worth offering to anybody but the fool who jangles his cap and bells as if he were proud of his position.

WHAT WOMEN SHOULD WISH FOR.
While you are wishing, wish for something better than getting into any of the sets, wherever they may be.

Wish that you may have a broader mind and a more charitable tongue.

Wish that you may not see so quickly wherein is the fault, and that you may find without any trouble just where the virtue is.

Wish that you may be contented—not without ambition, but seeing the good that surrounds you.

Wish that you may have a courteous manner, a kind word, and a considerate thought for every man, woman, and child in the world.

Wish all these things with intensity—they will be worth having, and they will surely come unto you.

Is This True?
New York World.

"Washingtonians," said a commercial traveler whose business carries him through a circuit of the principal cities of the United States twice a year, "show the effect of the peculiar laws which govern their city. They are not permitted to vote by law, and they consider this an outrage on their rights when they first settle there. After a time they accept the condition of things tranquilly, and when they have been citizens of the Capital a few years they gradually develop a lethargic indifference to public questions which is really surprising. In many instances the indifference turns to aversion, and a visitor to the seat of Government of the United States finds himself among people who have not the most remote interest in discussing the great questions which are absorbing the attention of all the other people of the country."

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